

LAST EDITION.
BOLD-CROOKEDNESSInterstate Commerce Laws Broken
by Western Railroads.Judge Cooley Says They Are
Open to Criminal Prosecution.Hereafter Violations of the Law Will
Be Vigorously Punished.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.—Just before Interstate Commerce Commissioners Cooley and Morrison left for the East last evening the former said that the willful violation of the law and the illegal and illegitimate means resorted to by railroad officials to secure advantages over each other, revealed by the investigation by himself and Mr. Morrison were much worse than any member of the Commission has supposed.

Said Judge Cooley: "The reason the matter has not been taken up before is that the Commission did not get any more knowledge of their doings than was furnished them by aggrieved parties. The railroads seemed to be governed by the rule that prevails among all law-breakers—not to tell tales on each other."

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SPINNING CARLTON'S NOOSE.

THE STORY OF HIS SHOTS AT OFFICER
BRENNAN GRAPHICALLY TOLD.

Julius Roesler, the Only Witness of "Handsome Harry's" Crime, Again on the Stand—Carlton Shouted "I'll Shoot You If You Don't Stop," and Then Came the Fatal "Click, Click, Click."

The trial of "Handsome Harry" Carlton for the murder of Policeman Brennan was continued before Judge Martine today.

That able cross-examiner, William F. Howe, undertook to break the force of the testimony of Julius Roesler, the German, who was probably the only witness of the crime.

Carlton's cold gray eyes wavered, and there was an expression of fear on his wicked face as he listened again to the story of his performance on that fatal Sunday morning, Oct. 28.

Roesler had been participating in a political parade the night before, concluding the day of celebration with other diversions.

He had played pool and sixty-six. He had drunk a great deal of beer, but he was sure that he was not at all drunk when he dropped in at Tucker's saloon, at Third avenue and Thirty-third street, at 10 o'clock in the morning.

Carlton and two other men were in the place. They bothered me and wanted me to buy something for them to drink," said the witness.

"Bothered you? How?" asked the lawyer, softly.

"They took my umbrella and hid it behind them till the bartender told them to give it up."

Then I went out to go to my home, and these men followed me and grabbed my umbrella again on Thirty-third street. I followed them back to Third avenue."

"Did they return it to you?"

"Yes, sir, when they saw the policeman, and then they walked down Third avenue."

"I went towards home, between Lexington and Third avenues, again, and when I unlocked my door some one said 'Charlie, wait a minute.' I turned round. It was that man."

Carlton's Tomba-graved face grew even more livid, and his fixed eyes watered with the strain of the witness' story.

"That man struck me in the face and my nose bled. I shouted 'Police! Police!' and they ran every way. This man went towards Third avenue and I chased him, and he ran into the policeman at Third avenue. One of the other men turned back west on Thirty-third street and the other turned down Third avenue."

"The policeman opened his arms to stop this man and I saw him raise his pistol and shoot 'click, click, click'—three times."

"How far away were you?" asked Mr. Howe.

"About fifty feet."

"Was it a very bright or a very dark night?"

"Well, it was like any night. Not very dark."

And Carlton's back being towards you, you saw the pistol?"

"Not that. I saw the flash when he shot it off."

"No, through his body?"

"No, not exactly that. Over his head or—anyway, I saw the flash."

Now you don't mean to tell the jury that you saw that flash over Carlton's head, do you?"

"I saw the flash. I can't tell just how, only I know I saw it. There was a little moment between the first and second, and then between the second and third shot, and the policeman turned around between the first two shots."

"This man, when I was chasing him after this, stopped and pointed his revolver at me and said, 'Stop, or I will shoot you.' After the policeman fell, he ran across the avenue and a policeman came and shot him. I dropped my pistol at the officer, but threw it away as he ran away. They caught him a little further up the street. Afterwards, when this man was in the front of his cell, I did so, and he spit on me and said: 'You Dutch. I wish I killed you.'"

Other Officer Colgan, of Captain Ryan's squad, was next called to the stand.

CHINATOWN IN A FLURRY.

FOUR FAN TAN GAMBLERS TO SUE FOR A
STOLEN DINNER.

Restaurant Men Out in Bad Humor and a Peck of Trouble—Four Dishonest Celebrities Who Ate \$22.75 Worth of Tempting Viands for Which They Did Not Pay—The Law Called In.

Almond-eyed Mon Ott walked slowly into his restaurant, the Pagoda, on Mott street this morning and there was a troubled look on his face.

His queue was awry. His head was bent forward, so that his chin touched his satinated blue blouse. His hands were crossed behind his back, and he muttered to himself as he walked.

His corps of waiters watched him anxiously as he shuffled on to the door of his private office.

There he halted and turned around. He glanced at the waiters severely. They trembled and busied themselves with dusting the tables, already as clean as they could be.

Beckoning the head waiter to him Mon Ott dashed into his office, and the men outside heard him firing things around in a lively fashion.

Me Goy said softly into the office and stood with a table between him and his boss.

"Found the thief yet?" asked Mon sharply.

"Get out."

Me turned, only too willing to obey. Mon called him back. "How many men did you discharge yesterday?" he asked.

"Three."

"Half of what we had?"

"Yes."

"Then discharge them all to-day and hire new ones."

"Yes."

And say."

Me came back again.

"Discharge yourself, too," said Mon.

"Yes," replied Me, more meekly, and he ran out.

Left to himself, Mon set down at a table and considered his position.

For a fact, he has some reason to be troubled.

He has been threatened with legal proceedings by his countrymen who allege that they were swindled out of a dinner in his restaurant early yesterday morning.

The complainants are four of the best known Chinese in town. They are high rollers, every one of them. They are sports and gamblers, but are considered none the worse for that among their countrymen.

They were playing fan tan in Pell street on Tuesday night.

Ling Goo, one of their number, got an unusual streak of luck. His friends followed his play. They broke the bank in an hour.

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FRANKIE'S LATEST FREAK.

FRISKY MISS RAYMOND IS NOW MRS. H.
MONTGOMERY HILL.

There Was a Quiet But Chipper Wedding at the Little Church Round the Corner, and the Heir of Ragged Mary's Wealth Is Now a Photographer's Bride—Her Family Knew Nothing Until It Was Too Late.

HILL—RAYMOND, Dec. 11, by the Rev. Dr. Houghton. MISS RAYMOND HILL to FRANCESCA LORELO RAYMOND.

The frisky Frankie Raymond is no more. Now she is Mrs. H. Montgomery Hill, which has a better sound, in view of the notoriety which attached itself to the young woman's maiden name.

Silver-haired Dr. Houghton, of the "Little Church Around the Corner," was called on last Tuesday by a young man of thirty and a vivacious maiden of twenty-one, who wished him to do the old clerical sum in arithmetic with her.

The groom was Hugh Montgomery Hill, one of the five brothers who are engaged in the photographing business at Broadway and Third street.

His bride, Miss Raymond, who gave her place of residence as Chicago. The local traditions of that interesting place may have influenced Miss Raymond's views of matrimony, for she seemed to regard the proceedings as exasperatingly funny.

Dr. Houghton, who is not so blessed with a sense of the humor of matrimony, rebuked the girl for her frivolity and inquired the details of the contracting parties.

Francesca declared herself a Roman Catholic, but there was no bigotry about her, and the Episcopal Church would do very well.

Mrs. Hill had been reared in the Church of England, though born in Dublin, Ireland.

After the ceremony the two made one slipper in a carriage and disappeared.

The Hill family, which consists of a mother, five sons and a daughter, were not cultured, but the nuptials, which were something of a surprise.

"I did not know my brother was going to marry her," said Miss Hill.

One of FRANKIE'S LATEST FREAKS.

Miss Frankie Raymond, only about two months since, was charged by a Mrs. Mills, of 700 Sixth avenue, with stealing her diamonds and making for Boston.

Miss Raymond was known in real estate as the daughter of the late Henry J. Raymond.

A telegram from Chicago, however, at the end of last month disclosed that the young woman was the daughter and heiress to the wealth of "Ragged Mary," who died in that city at the time.

"Ragged Mary" and her husband, John Myer, had lived in squalor and poverty, which were off in real estate.

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ACLEAN KNOCKOUT.

Ryan, of Brooklyn, Victor Over Farrell, of Philadelphia.

An Unexpected Blow in the Ninth Round Won the Fight.

The Contest Marked by Much Scientific Work and Little Blood.

Whitey Ryan, of Brooklyn, earned a \$150 purse early this morning by knocking out Jimmy Farrell, of Philadelphia, in a nine-round prize-fight near Pelham.

Ryan is a year older than Farrell, who is twenty-one. His height is 5 feet 7 inches, one inch more than Farrell's, and he weighed 124 pounds as he entered the ring, while the Philadelphia fighter weighed 125.

The Brooklyn man was looked after by Joe Malone and Bob Davis, while Tim Carney and Larry O'Rourke took care of Farrell.

The fight occupied little more than half an hour, and ended with Farrell in a state of collapse from which he did not recover for a couple of minutes. He fell under a blow in the throat straight from Ryan's left shoulder.

Ryan had been playing on the neck all the time, but was quite skillfully thwarted by the Quaker City pugilist.

The third, fourth and fifth rounds were marked by some of the cleanest and most scientific work ever witnessed in a similar contest. Ryan made four savage attempts at Farrell's neck during these three rounds, but only succeeded in landing once. Near the close of the fifth round, Ryan caught a jaw-cracker from Farrell's left and was staggered for a moment.

Farrell's tactics were most aggressive in the two opening rounds, when he did some lively work, but Ryan's counter-attacks were more effective.

Ryan landed a number of vicious body blows in these two rounds.

Rounds the sixth, seventh and eighth were bloodless and particularly interesting.

The knockout blow in the ninth came very unexpectedly and just at a time when the spectators had begun to think the fight was to be a long and tiresome one.

Farrell was in the act of leading when he fell beneath Ryan's stroke.

Neither man was severely punished in the affair. Farrell showed scarcely a scratch when he revived after the knockout.

The fight was under Queensbury rules, and the ring was pitched in a small cellar. Only about thirty spectators saw the affair. Skin gloves were used.

THE MAYOR AND THE MONUMENT.

Mr. Hewitt Will Not Agree to an Appropriation for a Soldiers' Memorial Shaft.

At the session of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment this morning Judge Van Hook, of the Court of Common Pleas, United States Marshal Martin T. McMahon and Judge Browne, of the City Court, appeared to urge the appropriation of \$250,000 for the erection of a soldiers' monument in Central Park.

Judge Van Hook said it was shameful that, while every little hamlet in the country is erecting a monument to commemorate the services of its soldier dead, the great metropolis of the nation is still without one.

Mayor Hewitt interrupted the argument to say that he was opposed to the appropriation and would not be a party to taxing the people for the purpose of erecting a soldiers' monument.

He would not make the people compulsory patriots.

McMahon tried to advance an argument in favor of the appropriation, when Mayor Hewitt said:

"I have no objection to the appropriation of a sum of money for the purpose of erecting a monument to the soldiers of the Civil War, but I am opposed to the appropriation of a sum of money for the purpose of erecting a monument to the soldiers of the Civil War."

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TIMAYENS AT THE TOMBS.

THE AUTHOR OF "ORIGINAL MR. JACOBS"
ACCUSED OF LARCENY.

Arrested on a Warrant Last Night and Bailed in the Elizabeth Street Station—Arraigned at the Tombs This Morning and Held for Examination—What the Affidavits Against Him Say.

Telegrapher T. Timayens, author of the "Original Mr. Jacobs," which was suppressed on the Elevated railroads, was a prisoner in the Tombs Police Court this morning charged with grand larceny.

The former Professor of Greek at Harvard University stood in line with the common drunks and presented a more woe-begone appearance than one, judging from the tone of his writings, would have expected.

His counsel, William Rea Bronk, stood beside him and argued with the reporters that it was all a mistake and that publicity should be suppressed. As this was an impossibility Mr. Bronk threatened to have a private examination in the Judge's room and demand the exclusion of reporters.

On the 24th of October Timayens entered into a partnership with Mrs. Emma Dickson, of 330 West Fifty-ninth street, for ten years. Mrs. Dickson furnished a capital of \$1,500 and Timayens as his share was to write plays, manuscripts and novels.

The firm was to be known as the Minerva Publishing Company, and offices were fitted up at No. 10 West Twenty-third street. Mr. J. B. Dickson, husband of the fair plaintiff, conducted all the business with the power of attorney.

One of the first works issued by the company was "The Original Mr. Jacobs," which was an extremely coarse attack on the Senate and the universal indignation was manifested by the people. The work was put on the Elevated railroads for sale, but the Company, on learning of its nature, promptly removed it from their stands.

But the firm made some money and Timayens lived in good style on Pelham avenue, Fordham. He first appeared in this city about ten years ago after teaching in Holyoke, Mass., and at Harvard University, at which latter place he taught Greek. He wrote while there the "History of Greece," a work of some 1,000 pages.

He wrote a play for John McCullough, entitled "The Wife of Miletus."

Two specific charges are made against Mr. Timayens. The first is that he stole the name of the Minerva Publishing Company from the name of the Minerva Publishing Company, which was a well-known firm in New York.

The second charge is that he stole the name of the Minerva Publishing Company from the name of the Minerva Publishing Company, which was a well-known firm in New York.

Mr. Timayens was arrested by Officer O'Connor last night and locked up in the Elizabeth Street station. He was later bailed out by Mr. H. B. Bronk, of the Ashland Hotel, and Justice Smith allowed the bail bond to stand.

Timayens was arraigned before Justice Smith and pleaded guilty. He was committed to the Tombs for examination.

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